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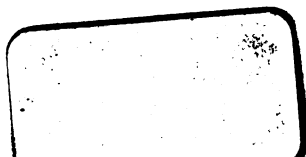
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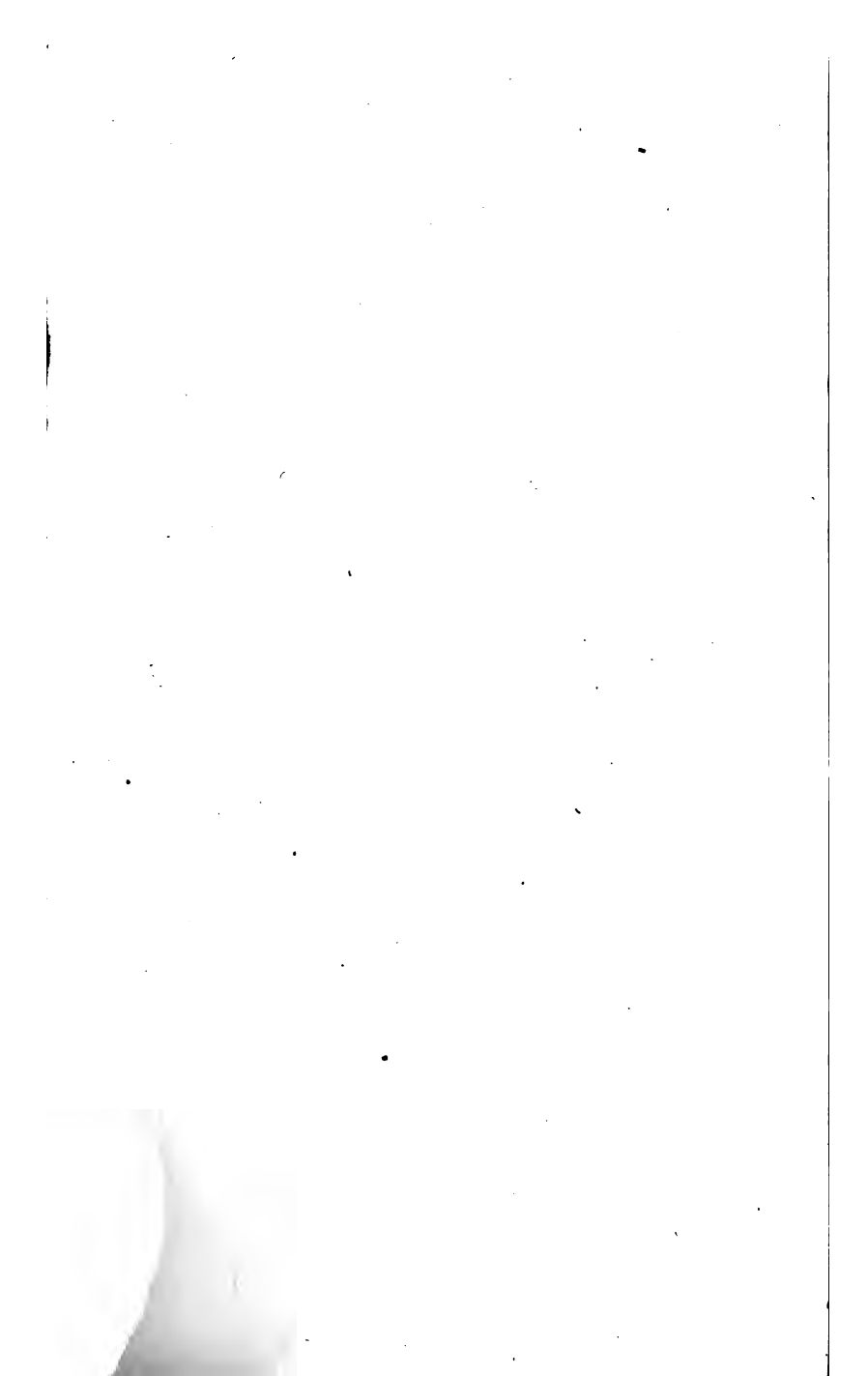
GATHERINGS
FROM
MANY AUTHORS



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GATHERINGS

FROM

M A N Y A U T H O R S,

LIVING AND DEAD.



BY

PHILIP SMITH SPARLING,

AUTHOR OF "HISTORIC LAYS," AND "WREATH OF MINSTRELSY."

"How forcible are right words."—Job vi., 2.

"Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci."—HOR.

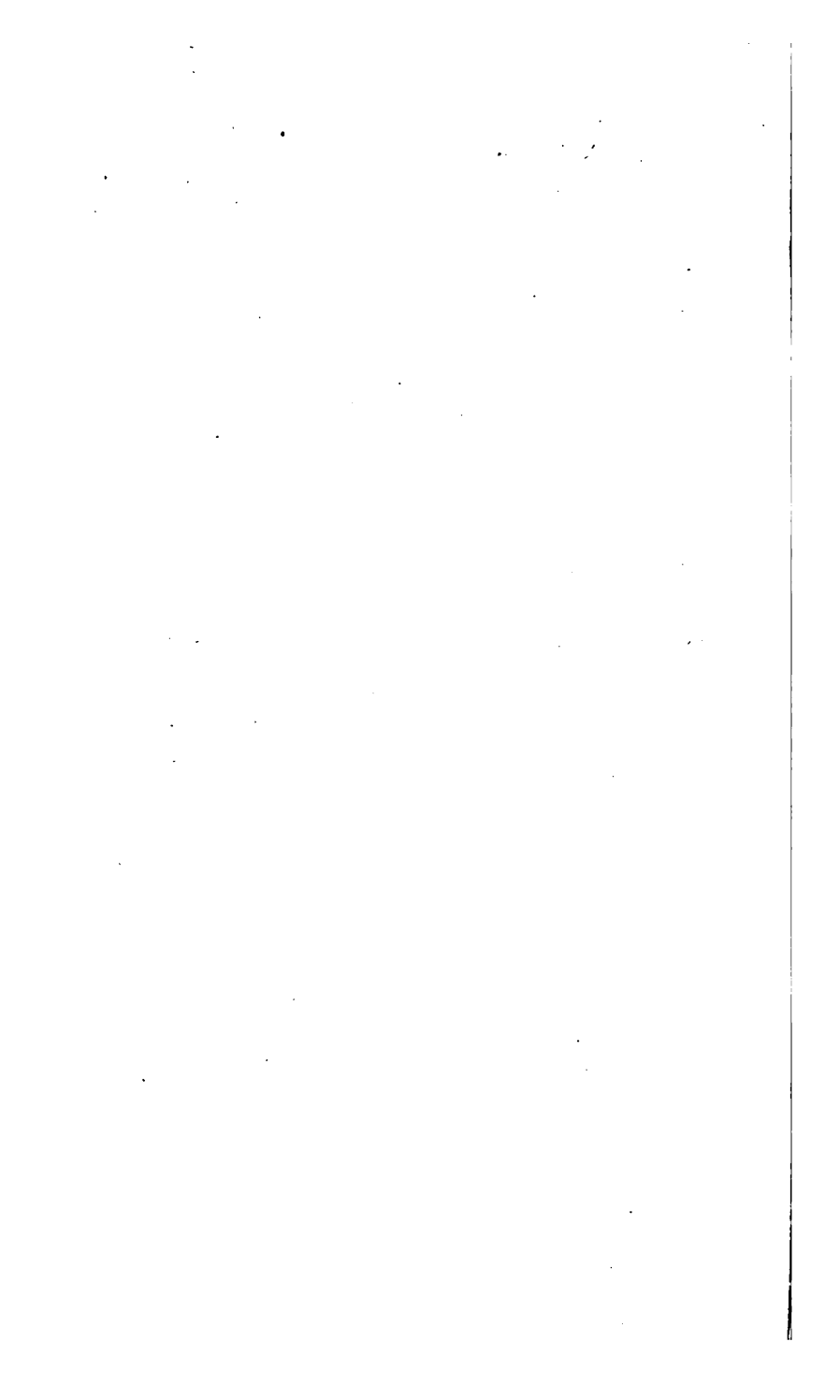
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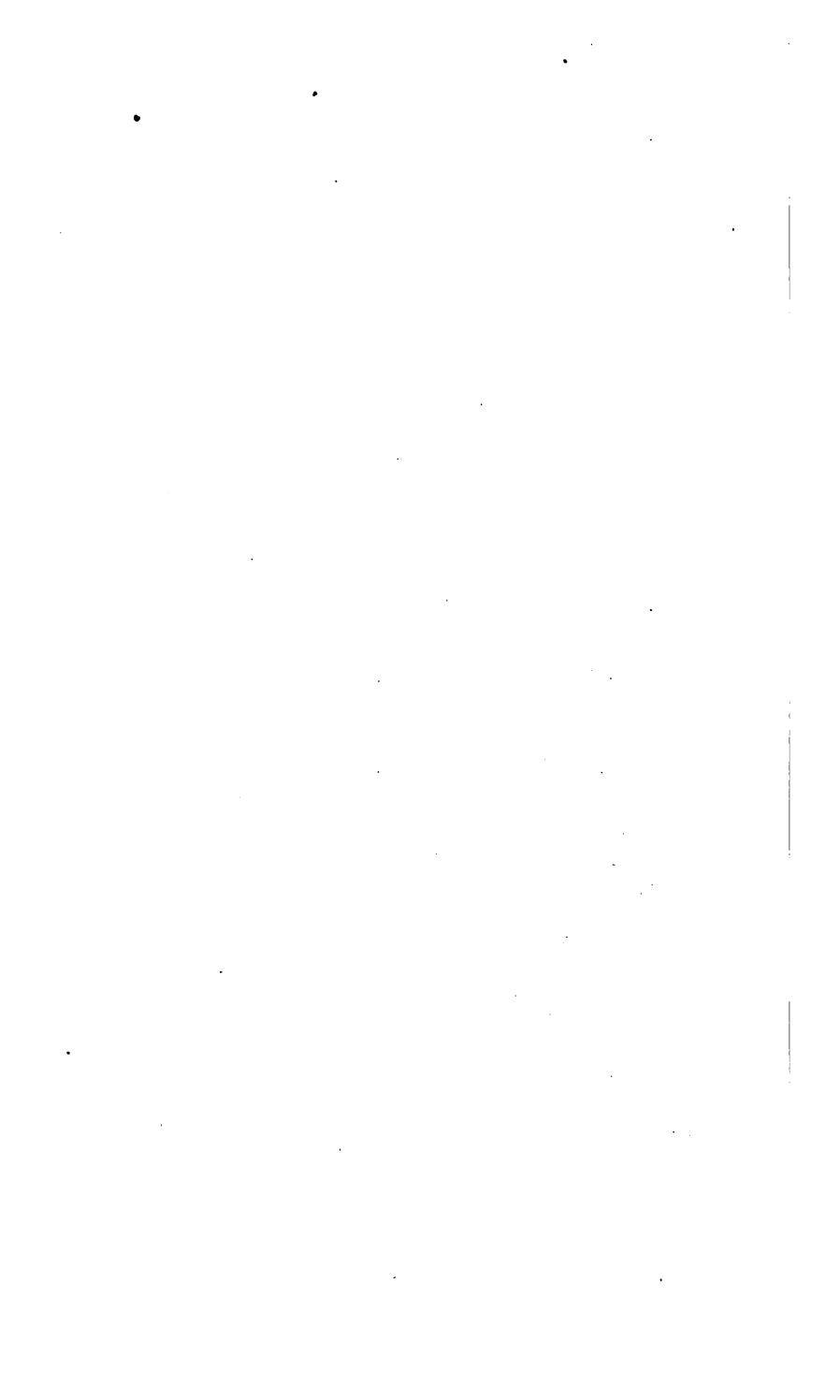


P R E F A C E.

THE present times may not inaptly be thought by some, to exemplify the fable of the Dog and his Bone. Amidst all our boasted progress, they will be disposed to question whether we are not seeking shadow, and losing substance. It occurred to me that a few truths would not be unseasonable, and if they are not useless, one of my objects will be gained.

Colchester,

June, 1854.



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GATHERINGS.

LONELINESS.

WHY should we faint and fear to live alone,
Since all alone, so Heaven has will'd, we die ;
Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile or sigh ?

Each in his hidden sphere of joy or woe
Our hermit spirits dwell, and range apart,
Our eyes see all around in gloom or glow—
Hues of their own, fresh borrow'd from the
heart.

And well it is for us our God should feel
Alone our secret throbbings ; so our prayer
May readier spring to Heaven, nor spend its zeal
On cloud-born idols of this lower air.

For if one heart in perfect sympathy
Beat with another, answering love for love,
Weak mortals, all entranced, on earth would lie,
Nor listen for those purer strains above.

Or what if Heaven, for once its scorching light
Lent to some partial eye, disclosing all
The rude bad thoughts, that in our bosom's night
Wander at large, nor heed Love's gentle thrall?

Who would not shun the dreary uncouth place?
Or if, fond leaning where her infant slept,
A mother's arm a serpent should embrace;
So might we friendless live, and die unwept.

Then keep the softening veil in mercy drawn,
Thou who canst love us, tho' Thou read'st us
true;

As on the bosom of the aerial lawn,
Melts in dim haze each coarse, ungentle hue.

So too may soothing Hope Thy leave enjoy
Sweet visions of long severed hearts to frame;
Though absence may impair, or cares annoy,
Some constant mind may draw us still the same.

We in dark dreams are tossing to and fro,
Pine with regret, or sicken with despair;
The while she bathes us in her own chaste glow,
And with our memory wings her own fond
prayer.

O bliss of child-like innocence, and love
Tried to old age ! creative power to win
And raise new worlds, where happy fancies rove,
Forgetting quite this grosser world of sin.

Bright are their dreams, because their thoughts
are clear,
Their memory cheering ; but the earth-stain'd
spright,
Whose wakeful musings are of guilt and fear,
Must hover nearer earth, and less in light.

Farewell, for her th' ideal scenes so fair—
Yet not farewell her hope, since Thou hast
deign'd,
Creator of all hearts ! to own and share
The woe of what Thou mad'st, and we have
stain'd.

Thou know'st our bitterness—our joys are thine,
No stranger Thou to all our wanderings wild ;
Nor could we bear to think, how every line
Of us, Thy darken'd likeness and defil'd,

Stands in full sunshine of Thy piercing eye,
But that Thou call'st us brethren : sweet repose
Is in that word—the LORD who dwells on high
Knows all, yet loves us better than He knows.

KEBLE.

APPOINTING TO PLACE.

O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer !
How many then should cover that stand bare !
How many be commanded, that command !
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour ; and how much
honour,
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times
To be new varnished !

SHAKSPERE.

A MAN who, by a partial, prejudiced, or corrupt vote, disappoints a worthy candidate of a station in life, upon which his hopes—possibly a livelihood—depended, and who thereby grievously discourages merit and emulation in others, commits, I am persuaded, a much greater crime than if he filched a book out of a library, or picked a pocket of a handkerchief; though in the one case he violates only an imperfect right, in the other a perfect one.

PALEY.

CONVERSATION.

HE was not very affable in his disposition, or apt to enter into conversation with those into whose company he was casually thrown. This was indeed an error in his conduct, arising less from pride—though of that feeling we do not pretend to exculpate him—than from a sort of bashful reluctance to mix in the conversation of those with whom he was not familiar. It is a fault only to be cured by experience and knowledge of the world, which soon teaches every sensible and acute person the important lesson, that amusement and information are to be derived from the conversation of every individual whatsoever, with whom he is thrown into a natural train of communication. We never found ourselves with the stupidest of all possible companions in a post-chaise, or with the most arrant cumber-corner that ever occupied a place in the mail-coach, without finding, in the course of our conversation with him, we had some ideas suggested to us, either grave or gay, or some information communicated in the course of our journey, which we should have regretted not to have learned, and which we should be sorry to have immediately forgotten.

SCOTT.

SUNRISE IN THE APPENNINES.

THE stars were still burning brightly in the clear dark-blue heavens, as we ascended the Giogo on the following morning ; but they soon, though gradually,

“ Paled their ineffectual fires.”

A sort of sapphire light fell like a shower on the eastern summits of the mountains, and ushered in the rising Sun, which ascended most gloriously, most awfully above those mighty elevations, where the sublimest spectacle of nature is most sublime. Many a salient point of bleached rock sparkled with refracted rays, and hung above the rolling vapours of the valleys beneath, like beacon lights on the ocean's verge ; and many a changeful meteoric delusion cheated and charmed the eye, until the full burst of day dispelled every atmospheric mist and cloud, and left distinctly traced, and brightly gilt, the forests, turrets, and meandering rivers of the vast and various scenery which beautifies the descent into the valleys of the Arno.

LADY MORGAN.

POPULAR OPINION.

POPULAR opinion is that of the unintelligent, uninfluential classes, and in tranquil times generally follows and adopts public opinion; in times of turbulence only does it assume precedence.

Quarterly Review.

THE fool multitude that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to the interior.

SHAKSPERE.

LIFE.

O, THERE are passages of life which lie
Each like a bright oasis in the heart,
The wilderness of years, standing apart
From noted action, daily history,
Unfelt, unseen, save by the inward eye
That with its sudden vision makes to start
Him, whose they are, e'en in the very mart
Of men, that wonder at his ecstasy—
We are of two-fold spirits ; and the one
Loves, like the under current of the sea,
Invisible a diverse course to run ;
The other, with necessity its plea,
Commends us outwardly ; 'tis thus they give
A world in which we walk—a world in which we
live.

Blackwood's Mag.

LOVE SONG.

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the river with the ocean,
The winds of Heaven mix for ever,
With a soft emotion—
Nothing in this world is single;
All things, by a law divine
In one another's beings mingle—
Why not I with thine ?

See—the mountains kiss high Heaven,
And the waves clasp one another,
No sister flower would be forgiven,
If it disdained its brother—
And the sunbeams clasp the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea—
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me ?

SHELLEY.

CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS was close at hand in all his bluff and hearty honesty. It was the season of hospitality, merriment, and open-heartedness; the old year was preparing like an ancient philosopher to call his friends around him, and amidst the sounds of feasting and revelry, to pass gently and quietly away; and numerous, indeed, are the hearts to which Christmas brings a brief season of happiness and enjoyment. How many families whose members have been dispersed and scattered far and wide in the restless struggles of life, are then reunited and meet once again in that happy state of companionship and mutual good-will, which is a source of such pure and unalloyed delight, and one so incompatible with the cares and sorrows of the world, that the religious belief of the most civilized nation, and the rude traditions of the roughest savages, alike number it among the first joys of a future state of existence provided for the blest and happy! How many old recollections, and how many dormant sympathies does Christmas time awaken!

We write these words, now many miles distant from the spot at which year after year we met on that day, a merry and joyous circle. Many of the hearts that throbbed so gaily then, have ceased

to beat—many of the looks that shone so brightly then, have ceased to glow—the hands we grasped have grown cold—the eyes we sought have hid their lustre in the grave; and yet the old house, the room, the merry voices and smiling faces, the jest, the laugh, the most minute and trivial circumstance connected with those happy meetings, crowd upon our mind at each recurrence of the season, as if the last assemblage had been but yesterday. Happy, happy Christmas that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days; that can recal to the old man, the pleasures of his youth, and transport the sailor and the traveller thousands of miles away, back to his own fireside and his quiet home!

PICKWICK PAPERS.

KNOWLEDGE.

“KNOWLEDGE,” says Lord Bacon, “is power.” He has not said it is either wisdom or virtue. It augments the influence of opinion upon mankind; but, whether it augments it to good or evil purpose, depends upon the character of the information which is communicated, and the precautions against corruption which are simultaneously taken. As much as it enlarges the foundations of prosperity in a virtuous, does it extend the sources of corruption in a degenerate age. Unless the moral and religious improvement of the people extends in proportion to their intellectual cultivation, the increase of knowledge is but an addition to the lever by which vice dissolves the fabric of society. —*History of Europe.*

ALISON.

KNOWLEDGE is as food, and needs no less
Her temperance over appetite, to know
In measure what the mind may well contain;
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly.

MILTON.

FREE TRADE.

WHAT a solemn humbug this modern political economy is !

* * * * *

You talk about making this article cheaper, by reducing its price in the market from 8d. to 6d. But suppose, in so doing, you have rendered your country weaker against a common foe, or foreign foe; suppose you have demoralized thousands of your fellow-countrymen, and sown discontent between one class of society and another, your article is tolerably dear, I take it, after all. Is not its real price enhanced to every Christian and patriot a hundred-fold ?

COLERIDGE.

POPULAR PREACHERS.

I DO not know a more painful sensation, or any expression which grates more harshly on one's ears, than when a person tells you he is going "to hear Mr. Such-a-one." It proves so entire a want of right feeling with regard to the true object of assembling in God's house, and so utter a forgetfulness of the holy worship which is due to Him, that one cannot but have a fearful suspicion with regard to the spiritual condition of one who speaks so irreverently.

GRESLEY.

ONLY great unfaithfulness and very objectionable practices in his parish church, should induce a layman to leave it for another.

ARCHBISHOP SUMNER.

ANECDOTE OF KING CHARLES THE
FIRST.

As King Charles the First marched to Edgcot, near Banbury, on the 22nd of October, 1652, he saw him hunting in the fields not far from Shuckburgh, with a very good pack of hounds; upon which it is reported that he fetched a deep sigh, and asked who that gentleman was that hunted so merrily that morning, when he was going to fight for his Crown and dignity. And being told it was this Richard Shuckburgh, he was ordered to be called to him, and was by him very graciously received. Upon which he went immediately home, armed all his tenants, and the next day attended on him in the field, where he was knighted, and was present at the battle of Edgehill.

Notes and Queries.

ENGLAND.

HAIL to the Crown by freedom shaped ;—to gird
An English sovereign's brow ! and to the Throne
Whereon he sits ! whose deep foundations lie
In veneration, and the people's love ;
Whose steps are equity, whose seat is law.
Hail to the State of England ! and conjoin
With this, a salutation as devout
Made to the Spiritual Fabric of her Church,
Founded in truth, by blood of martyrdom
Cemented, by the bonds of wisdom reared
In beauty of holiness, with ordered pomp,
Decent and unproved. The voice that greets
The majesty of both, shall pray for both,
That, mutually protected and sustained,
They may endure as long as sea surrounds
This favoured land, or sunshine warms her soil.

WORDSWORTH.

LOVE FOR THE CHURCH.

It is an irreverent unthankfulness to think worse of that Church which hath bred us, and fed us, and led us thus far towards God, than of a foreign Church, though reformed too, and in a good degree. How often have I heard our Church condemned abroad for opinions which our Church never held! And how often have I heard foreign churches exalted and magnified at home, for some things which those churches do not hold nor practise!

DONNE.

CONTENTEDNESS.

I HAD now brought my state of life to be much easier in itself than it was at first, and much easier to my mind as well as to my body. I frequently sat down to meat with thankfulness, and admired the hand of God's Providence, which had thus spread my table in the wilderness. I learned to look more on the bright side of my condition, and less upon the dark side, and to consider what I enjoyed, rather than what I wanted; and this gave me sometimes such sweet comforts, that I cannot express them, and which I take notice of here, to put those discontented people in mind of it, who cannot enjoy comfortably what God has given them, because they see and covet something that he has not given them. All our discontents about what we want, appeared to me to spring from the want of thankfulness for what we have.

Robinson Crusoe.

DE FOE.

THE EFFECTS OF DISAPPOINTMENT.

DISAPPOINTMENT arising from the non-appreciation by the world of a quality a man knows himself to possess, will make a cynic or a profligate in nine cases out of ten. In the tenth it may make a philosopher.

New Monthly Magazine.

HONOUR.

HONOUR that does not spring from justice is but a painted rag, an artificial rose, which the milliners of society would palm upon us as the more natural than the true.

BULWER.

OXFORD THEOLOGY.

THERE is, indeed, a result very common when men of retired and contemplative habits resolutely follow out their own views, without reference to the world around them; *they must often see what men in the world do not see*, and state what is startling; and then they are called imprudent and incautious. Now, that we are *startled* by opinions, is no test either of truth itself, or of the prudence with which it is exhibited; there may exist a deep disease requiring a strong medicine, and a strong medicine in a weak body must cause a great shock. Thus, if an age has waded far into disorder, insubordination, low materialistic views, rationalism, neglect of forms, indolence, and self-indulgence, they must be roused, by setting before them principles of order and discipline, high theories which will be called mysticism, the law of faith, the value of externals, self-denial, energy, and patience; and this cannot be done without a shock, and the violence of the shock proves not the incautiousness of the process, but the necessity of the application.

Quarterly Review.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

WHEN Jesus, therefore, saw his mother, and the disciple standing by whom he loved, He saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son !

Then saith He to the disciple, Behold thy mother ! and from that hour that disciple took her unto his own house.

THE POETRY OF LIFE.

It is that spirit which mingles itself with all our hopes, affections, sorrows, and even death, and beautifies them all. It mingles itself with the ambition of aspirants in every honourable track—with the emotions of the lover—with all our social attachments and intercourse, and spreads the roses of Heaven on the beaten path of our daily life. No human speculation, no human pursuit, no human feeling which is not utterly selfish and base, but draws fire and force from this spirit, and is borne by its elating influence towards its legitimate end.

HOWITT.

SENSITIVENESS.

HEAVEN forbid that any process of philosophy were capable so to sear and indurate our feelings that nothing could agitate them but what arose instantly and immediately out of our own selfish interests. I would as soon wish my hand to be as callous as a horn, that it might escape an occasional cut or scratch, as I would be ambitious of the stoicism which would render my heart like a piece of millstone.

SCOTT.

THE affections were planted in us as a source of sweetest happiness.

MARRYAT.

FEAR OF SLANDER.

Is there no difference between committing a dishonourable action, and being unjustly charged with one? Is there any moral guilt in being slandered? Is there any moral obligation to clear one's self, at all hazards?

There are too many who lose sight of these distinctions, who live only upon public opinion, and are so accustomed to estimate their own conduct by its effects upon others, that they can scarcely imagine any difference between being honourable and being thought so. I do not mean to say that the desire of approbation is not an estimable, or, I would rather say, a useful feeling—if not quite a virtue, it is the guarantee of many, and society owes much that is valuable to its existence;—but it is a sentiment, perhaps, to which, in consideration of its great results, we are apt to attach rather an undue importance.

LISTER.

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

Is it not a difficulty to hold a religion to be an imposture, which, though taught by a few unlettered fishermen and a tent-maker, has taken possession of so large a portion of the world, and that the most civilized and intelligent?—which seems to go along with God's Providence without—for a man is found, in the long run, he or his, to prosper or to fail, according as he walks with it or against it;—which seems to go along with God's witness within—for peace of mind is ever the companion of him who follows it, disquietude and remorse of him who disclaims it;—which, in its main features, accords most remarkably with the moral system under which we live—natural religion running side by side with it, and pleading no less than itself for a future state of rewards and punishments—of rewards and punishments dealt out, not capriciously, but according to desert—for this life being a state of trial and discipline, for things here being in wreck and ruin—and for the mitigation of the mischief being effected (so far as it is effected) by the instrumentality of others, by the dispensation of a Mediator;—which its first propagators;—the very men who professed to be eye-witnesses of his

miracles which were its credentials—devoted their lives to spread, and their blood to set their seal to facts to which even heathen evidence testifies;—which was foretold by prophecies many and minute—prophecies translated out of the original language, and recorded in another, long before Christ appeared, and in that translation clear and cogent;—which, in its morality, does not lay itself out for popular acceptance, but the contrary, and yet has that in it which approves itself to the heart nevertheless;—which it is felt to be good to entertain, and which it is impossible to impute to any base or fraudulent origin; for patience, rather than prowess; purity of the thoughts, rather than conformity of the outward acts; self-restraint, rather than self-gratification; indifference to vulgar fame, and a reference of all to the motive within: these are features which we at once recognise as belonging to no hollow dispensation, but to such as is sound, and wholesome, and trustworthy;—which, in the universality of its application, is never found wanting—so fitted to the wants of men as never to desert him; rising with every occasion, the more trying the more true; coming home to him with such force in the hour of his need; and guiding him with such discretion in the maze of his perplexities; teaching where industry ends, and covetousness begins;

what is compassion, and what is weakness ; what is refreshment, and what is sloth ; what is moderation, and what lukewarmness ; what is zeal, and what passion ; what is simplicity, and what folly ; what is scrupulousness, and what superstition ; what it is to honour, and what it is to be time-serving ; what is firmness, and what obstinacy—with a hundred other niceties of the like kind, on which we are called every day we breathe to decide and act ;—which challenges the most searching scrutiny into the character of its records, and then demands whether they do not bear the most triumphant marks of truth ; whether the names they introduce, the facts to which they allude, the date to which they assign them, are not in perfect conformity with the times, as represented by accounts altogether independent of them—the age, the country, the actors, (be it observed) shrouded in no darkness or obscurity, but the most open to inquiry of almost any since the world began—whether they do not convey the idea of perfect fairness in the writers ; no attempt at the suppression of incidents which might be turned against them, no concealments of their own frailties, no precautions against cavil or mistake ; whether on checking one document by another they are not found to be full of coincidences, great and small, the most casual and undesigned, such as could by no

possibility be the fruit of any contrivance, however subtle, however far-seeing; whether, for instance, any two witnesses in any court were ever submitted to a more rigorous cross-examination, in order to detect inconsistency or collusion in their depositions, than St. Paul, and St. Luke in the "Horæ Paulinæ" of Paley (the masterpiece of that great writer), and came out of the scrutiny more unimpeached. And yet what facts are involved in the truth of their testimony! That crowning one above all, the resurrection and ascension of the Lord Himself, described or alluded to by them both, and which once established, what other foundation of our faith do we want or wish for!

Quarterly Review.

THE JEWISH NATION.

THE great end which God had in view by the selection of the Israelitish nation was to prevent all knowledge of Himself, as the Creator and Governor of the world, from being totally obliterated from the minds of men ; and to keep alive the expectation of the Promised Seed who was to effect the great deliverance of mankind from the yoke and consequences of sin, and the dominion of Satan. Had it not been for this, the worship of those powers and intermediate agents by which God acts upon the earth, and the world at large, and produces all the phenomena observable in the physical world—of their symbols, or deified men and women—would have entirely superseded the worship of their Almighty Author ; and the whole earth would have been so covered with this palpable darkness, that no glimpse of light would have been left to foster the hope and prove the germ of a future day of glory.

KIRBY.

Bridgewater Treatise.

DESIRE OF GAIN.

HE that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.

Proverbs.

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat you that which is good.

ISAIAH.

The debasing tendencies of commerce, and the angry rivalries of competition.

LYTTON.

Money! thou bane of bliss, and source of woe,
Whence com'st thou, that thou art so fresh and fine?

I know thy parentage is base and low :
Man found thee, poor and dirty, in a mine :



Surely thou did'st so little contribute

To this great kingdom, which thou now hast got,
That he was fain, when thou wast destitute,

To dig thee out of thy dark cave and grot ;
Then forcing thee by fire, he made thee bright.

Nay—thou hast got the face of man ; for we
Have with our stamp and seal transferr'd our
right ;

Thou art the man, and man but dross to thee.

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee
rich ;

And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

HERBERT.

CHANCE.

OH! lives there, Heaven! beneath thy dread
expanse,

One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;
Who, mould'ring earthward, 'reft of every trust,
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss?—
There live, alas! of Heaven-directed mien,
Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,
Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay;
Frail as the leaf in autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower;
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mental life, a momentary fire,
Light to the grave his Chance-created form,
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm;
And when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To night and silence sink for evermore!

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world and demigods of fame?
Is this your triumph—this your proud applause,
Children of Truth, and champions of her cause?

For this, hath Science searched on weary wing,
By shore and sea—each mute and living thing !
Launch'd with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep ?
Or round the cope her living chariot driven,
And wheel'd in triumph thro' the signs of Heaven !
Oh ! star-eye'd Science, hast thou wandered there,
To waft us home the message of despair ?
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit !
Ah me ! the laurel'd wreath that murder rears,
Blood-nursed, and water'd by the widows' tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the nightshade round the sceptic's head.
What is the bigot's torch—the tyrant's chain ?—
I smile on death, if heavenward HOPE remain.
But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life :
If Chance awaked, inexorable power,
This frail and feverish being of an hour ;
Doom'd o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
To know Delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep a little while ;
Then melt, ye elements that formed in vain
This troubled pulse and visionary brain !
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom ;
And sink, ye stars that light me to my tomb !

Truth ! ever lovely,—since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,—
How can thy words from balmy slumber start
Reposing Virtue, pillowed on the heart !
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder roll'd,
And that were true which Nature never told,
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquered field ;
No rapture dawns, no treasure is reveal'd !
Oh ! let her read—not loudly, nor elate—
The doom that bars us from a better fate ;
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.

CAMPBELL.

FOLLY—VICE.

TAKE my word for this, reader, and say a fool
told it you, if you please—that he who hath not a
drachm of folly in his mixture, hath pounds of
much worse matter in his composition.

LAMB.

VERACITY OF NEWSPAPERS.

IN what exact degree the portion of the public who are engaged in the conduct and writing of newspapers, form the opinion of the other portion of the public who simply read them, we will not pretend to calculate ; but it will not be disputed, we imagine, that the journals of the present day are something more than mere vehicles of news and gossip ; and that as the opinions which they express on subjects of public discussion and interest are generally considered to be formed with more than ordinary care, and to be based upon information of more than ordinary extent and accuracy, their leading articles are referred to with grave attention, both for facts and opinions, and do, in point of fact, exercise a considerable influence. It ought to be, under these circumstances, an inviolable principle of journalism, to abstain rigidly, however great the temptation in party conflicts, from all misrepresentation or distortion of facts ; and the greater the faith of the public in its accuracy, the greater the responsibility of the journal which transgresses in this particular. Mendacity and slander are the most unpardonable and the most mischievous of the sins of the public writer, and those that ought to be the most severely reprobated by public opinion.

Morning Post.

I.

UPON this column—overthrown
By giant Time's unsparing hand,
Where lichens spring, and moss is strewn
Over the desert land—
I rest alone, and fix mine eye
With feelings of sublime delight,
On Time's resplendent galaxy—
The studded arch of night.
How awful is the sight of Him
Who stretch'd the skies from pole to pole,
And breath'd through chaos, waste and dim,
Creation's living Soul!
A thousand worlds are glowing round,
And thousands more than sight can trace
Revolve throughout the vast profound,
And fill the realms of space.
Then what is man? It ill befits
That such should hear or heed the prayer—
Lip mockery of the worm that sits
Within the scorner's chair!

II.

There are no clouds to chequer night,
The winds are hush'd, the skies serene,

And Nature, outlined darkly bright,
Is still distinctly seen.
Remotest Ocean's tongue is heard,
Declaiming to his island shores;
And wails the lonely water-bird
From yonder marshy moors.
This is the realm of solitude,
A season and a scene for thought,
When melancholy well may brood
On years that now are not—
On syren years whose witchery smiled
Ere time had leagued the heart with strife,
The Eden of this earthly wild—
The Paradise of life.
They feign who tell us wealth can strike
Into the thornless paths of bliss;
Alas! its best is Judas like,
To sell us with a kiss!

III.

Ambition is a gilded toy,
A baited hook, a trap of guile,
Alluring only to destroy,
And mocking with a smile!
Alas! for what hath youth exchanged
The garden of its vernal prime?
Is care, sin, sorrow, more estranged?
More gently lenient—time?

Doth Friendship quaff from bowl more deep ?
 Bathes Hope in more delightful streams ?
Comes Love to charm the pillowed sleep
 With brighter, holier dreams ?
Alas, the Ship of Life is steer'd
 More boldly to the central main,
Only to cope with tempests fear'd—
 Lightning, and wind, and rain !
Around lurks shipwreck—hidden rocks
 Beneath the billows darkling lie ;
Death threatens in the breakers' shocks,
 And thunder-cloven sky !

IV.

Hearken to Truth ! Though joys remain,
 And friends unchanged and faithful prove,—
The heart can never love again
 As when it learned to love.
O ne'er shall manhood's bosom feel
 The raptures boyhood felt of yore ;
Nor fancy lend, nor life reveal
 Such faëry landscapes more !
Above the head, when tempests break,
 When cares flit round on ebon wing,
When hope o'er being's troubled lake
 No sunny gleam can fling ;
When passion's flame no longer burns,
 And griefs distract, and fears annoy,

When Retrospection fondly turns
To long-departed joy :—
The visions brought by sleep—the dreams
By scarce-awakened daylight brought,
And reveries by sylvan streams,
And mountains far remote.

V.

Elysium's hues have fled ; the joy
Of youth departs on seraph wing,
Soon breezes from the pole destroy
The opening bloom of spring !
We gaze around us—earth seems bright
With flowers and fruit ; the skies are blue ;
The bosom flutters with delight,
And deems the pageant true ;—
Then lo ! a tempest darkles o'er
The summer plain and waveless sea ;
Lash the hoarse billows on the shore,—
Fall blossoms from the tree ;—
Star after star is quenched ; the night
Of Blackness gathers round in strife ;—
And storms howl o'er a scene of blight :
Can such be human life ?
Expanding beauties charm the heart,
The garden of our life is fair ;
But in a few short years we start
To find a desert there !

VI.

Stars far above, that twinkling roll,—
Stars so resplendent, yet serene—
Ye look (ah ! how unlike the soul),
As ye have ever been.
On you 'tis sweet to read at eve,
The themes of youth's departed day ;
Call up the past, and fondly grieve
O'er what hath waned away :
The faces that we see no more,
The friends whom fate hath doom'd to roam,
Or Silence, through Death's iron door,
Call'd to his cheerless home.
Oh ! that the heart again were young !
Oh ! that the feelings were as kind,
Artless, and innocent ; the tongue—
The oracle of mind !
Oh ! that the sleep of night were sweet,
Gentle as childhood's sleep hath been ;
When angels, as from Jacob's feet,
Soared earth and heaven between !

VII.

What once hath been no more can be—
'Tis void, 'tis visionary, all ;
The past hath joined eternity—
It comes not at the call.

No ! worldly thoughts and selfish ways
Have banished Truth—to rule instead ;
We, dazzled by a meteor blaze,
Have run where Folly led.
Yet happiness was found not there ;—
The spring-bloom of the heart was shed ;
We turned from Nature's face, though fair,
To muse upon the dead !
As dew-drops from the sparry cave,
Trickling, new properties impart,
A tendency life's dealings, have,
To petrify the heart.
There is an ecstasy in thought,
A soothing warmth, a pleasing pain !—
Away !—such dreams were best forgot ;
They shall not rise again.

DELTA.

EXPEDIENCY.

His advice

Was present safety, bought at any price ;
A seeming pious care that covered cowardice.

DRYDEN.

TOLERATION.

TOLERATION is an inestimable blessing. It consists in permitting every man to exercise his religion freely ; but not in putting into the hands of a hostile creed, the means of overturning what they will never cease to regard as a pestilent heresy.

PERCIVAL.

NARROW-MINDEDNESS OF BUSINESS
MEN.

It may be truly said that men too much conversant in office have rarely minds of remarkable enlargement. Their habits of office are apt to give them a turn to think the substance of business not to be much more important than the forms in which it is conducted. These forms are adopted to ordinary occasions; and, therefore, persons who are nurtured in office do admirably well as long as things go on in their common order; but when the high roads are broken up, and the waters out—when a new and troubled scene is opened, and the file affords no precedent,—then it is that a graver knowledge of mankind, and a far more extensive comprehension of things is requisite than ever office gave or than office can give

BURKE.

CONSOLATION.

IN what part of a man's life does he not require comfort and consolation? yea, even from the time when as a child he buries his weeping face in his mother's lap till the hour that summons him to his account. Not that I consider this world, as many have described it, a vale of tears—no; it is a beautiful world, a glorious world, and would be a happy world, if we would but restrain those senses and those passions with which we have been endowed, that we may fully enjoy the beauty, the variety, the inexhaustible bounty of a gracious Heaven. All was made for enjoyment and for happiness; but it is we ourselves who by excess defile that which otherwise were pure.

MARRYAT.

REASON.

DIM as the borrowed beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is Reason to the soul ; and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky—
Not light us here—so Reason's glimmering ray
Was sent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us onward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere,
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight,
So dies and so dissolves in supernatural light.

DRYDEN.

DUTY OF A CHURCH SCHOOLMASTER.

THE Church is purely a voluntary association as regards human laws. Those who do not choose to belong to it, stay out of it on their own responsibility ; but those who do belong to it should obey its rules. All Church of England schoolmasters, I conceive, would be bound to go to the bishop for a license, if he required it. But what I look to is this—let the bishops, if they think fit, revive the practice of licensing masters. Let such masters be subject to a strict examination as to their principles and qualifications ; and let the Church people send their children to masters who are so licensed. After all, what is there more extraordinary in requiring that schoolmasters should be so licensed, than forbidding surgeons or lawyers to practise without authority ?

GRESLEY

DUTY OF GOVERNMENT IN RESPECT TO RELIGION.

FROM the arguments which are advanced, one would think that there were no such thing as truth or falsehood in religion. That all creeds were equally conducive to the temporal and eternal interests of mankind ; and that, providing only the existing heats and discussions on the subject could be allayed, it matters not to what religious tenets either a government or a people inclined.

PERCIVAL.

ARISTOCRACY.

THE eloquent historian of the French Revolution has dismissed the subject of American manners in a single paragraph :—"The manners of the Americans are the manners of Great Britain—minus the aristocracy, the landholders, the army, and the Established Church." This would have been more correct, I think, if he had said—the influences of those bodies. In England, when a man rises to the upper ranks of the community, he usually adapts himself by degrees, in the progress of his prosperity, to the habits and tastes of the class he aspires to join. Those who have been born in it, furnish him with examples ; when he is admitted into their society, his pursuits, interests, and manners become, to a considerable extent, identified with theirs. In America, the prosperous man finds no fixed class to look up to for example, no established standard of elegance and refinement to guide him, no societies of men of leisure to mix with, none who have been able to devote their time to the sole cultivation of the graces of life. The polish of his manners must be therefore due to some innate virtue of his own, not to the tuition of others. I have met with people in America, as well-bred

and graceful in their manners as men need be ; but they are the exceptions ; the tendency is to force manners, as well as everything else, into mediocrity. From the want of high standards of refinement, not only the higher, but the various downward steps in the social scale suffer a certain inconvenience, becoming of course less, as the condition of the person requires more exertion for the mere support of life, than for its ornaments. Hence it is that the manners of all classes of Americans, except the very lowest, are decidedly inferior to those of the corresponding classes, wherever an aristocracy exists.

ELIOT WARBURTON.

WHIGGISM.

"THE devil," says Dr. Johnson, "was the first whig;" and however much modern liberalism may be inclined to modify the caustic severity of this celebrated saying, it must be confessed that every day's experience is proving more clearly that there was in the observation of the Tory Giant of the eighteenth century, a profound knowledge of human nature. It is not merely as the first rebel against authority that the great author of evil bears an affinity to his degenerate progeny in later days. It is more clearly and decisively from the evident connection between the efforts of sin and the selfishness of democracy, and the mysterious invitation to our first parents to eat of the fruit of the forbidden tree of knowledge, that the connection is established. This experience of these latter days was necessary to evince the truth of the aphorism; but it has now become apparent from actual proof, how deeply it was founded in human nature, and how strongly to the end of the world, the political as well as the private sins of mankind are destined to bear testimony to the verity of the truths unfolded in the first chapter of Genesis.

BLACKWOOD.

RICH AND POOR.

WHEN a rich man is fallen he hath many friends ; he speaketh things not to be spoken, and yet men justify him : the poor man slipped, and yet they rebuked him too ; he spake wisely and could have no place.

When a rich man speaketh, every man holdeth his tongue ; and look what he saith—they extol it to the clouds : but if the poor man speak, they say, What fellow is this ? and if he stumble they will help to overthrow him.

Ecclesiasticks.

THE JEWS.

Jews cannot be, in the ordinary sense of the word, patriots. The Jew, whether in Spain or Germany, Italy or England, buys and sells, speculates and amasses, either for himself or his tribe. He is not patriotically connected with the country in which he was born and has lived. He is not in mind and sentiment a Spaniard or a German, an Italian or an Englishman—but still a Jew. Is the nation in which he dwells triumphant, his heart swells with no proud emotion. Is it disgraced, he feels on that account no shame nor sorrow. If his personal gain be neither more nor less, it is nothing to him. His nation stands apart, and he is proudly or meanly indifferent to the fate of the land in which his business happens to be.

Morning Post.

FORMING ALLIANCES.

HAD his knowledge of the world been a little more extensive, he might have observed, that as unions are often formed betwixt couples differing in complexion and stature, they take place still more frequently betwixt persons totally differing in feelings, in taste, in pursuits, and in understanding; and it would not be saying, perhaps, too much to aver, that two-thirds of the marriages around us have been contracted betwixt persons who, judging *a priori*, we should have thought had scarce any charms for each other.

A moral and primary cause might be easily assigned for these anomalies, in the wise dispensation of Providence—that the general balance of wit, wisdom, and amiable qualities of all kinds, should be kept up through society at large. For, what a world were it, if the wise were to marry only with the wise, the learned with the learned, the amiable with the amiable—nay, even the handsome with the handsome!

NUNNERIES.

WHY should there not be an opportunity for those who are weary of the world, and all its distractions, to join those of congenial sentiments, and to spend their lives, or a portion of their lives, in retirement and social piety? Why should such a resource be denied to those spirits that are of too delicate a texture to bear the frets, and stir, and profitless fever of the world? Is there to be no retreat but in the grave, from the idle ceremonies and withered affectations, and vainglorious bustle which make so much of the world's ordinary occupations? Must all persons, whether they like it or not, go on to their dying day, witnessing greetings without kindness, and farewells without regret; enduring on every side grave conceit, or grinning triviality; here some one boasting, and there some one reviling; and scarcely anywhere experiencing or beholding that gravity and goodness for which the thoughtful and Christian-minded yearn? Why should there not be some place for such souls as these?—even here on earth? And what right has any one to say that they shall be debarred from forming societies of their own, and devoting themselves to exercises of piety, and works of charity, so long as they are disposed to that kind of sisterhood?

Morning Post.

HOME.

I LOVE that dear old home! My mother lived there
 Her first sweet married years and last sad
 widowed ones;

Something of old ancestral pride it keeps,
 Tho' fallen from its earlier power and vastness :—
 Marry! we're not so wealthy as we were,
 Nor yet so warlike, still it holds enough
 Of ancient state and strength to keep the memory.

* * * * *

Old trees do grow around its old grey walls,
 The fellows of my mouldering grandfathers.

* * * * *

There

The sunlight seems to my eyes brighter far
 Than wheresoever else; I know the forms
 Of every tree and mountain, hill and dell,
 The waters gurgle forth a tongue I know :—
 It is my home—it will be thine;
 And every leafy glade and shadowy path,
 Sweet sunny slope, and echo-haunted hollow,
 Hath heard thy name a thousand thousand times.

FANNY BUTLER.

A LOVE-SCENE.

"It is a more bitter thing still to see the long years gliding by, and to pass from boyhood to youth, and from youth to manhood, and to find middle age stealing quickly upon you, and never to have had any human being to love you—never to have found any heart on which you might pour out those riches of affection which every generous nature pants to bestow." He paused—then, as the recollections he had excited seemed to crowd upon him, continued: "Oh! the bitter tears I have shed when scarcely more than a child—I have wept to hear other boys tell of happy homes and a mother's love, and the affections of brothers and sisters; then came the silent but more enduring sorrow of youth, when tears can no longer form a vent for the heart's isolation, and the restless spirit preys upon itself; and last, the struggle of maturer manhood, which in its meridian strength contends against the sorrows of its weaker morning, and strives to live down the fruitless longing for that affection which it cannot attain, and conquering all but the one abiding grief, remains to own itself still lonely-hearted,

and sees its only hope of comfort in the grave! Aye, this is the grief which the help of God only can enable one to endure—if the deepest, tenderest devotion of a heart which has pined through a lifetime for some object on which to pour forth its treasure of love, can make you happy; if you think that in time you could in some degree return my affection——”

“Oh! hush, hush,” interrupted Rose in a broken, faltering voice; “I cannot bear to hear you speak thus! If, good and noble as you are, my love can indeed make you happier——”

She could not conclude her sentence, but he seemed perfectly satisfied with the fragment as it stood.

SMEDLEY.

ENGLAND.

HAPPY is England! I could be content
To see no other verdure than its own,
To feel no other breezes than are blown
Thro' its tall woods, with high romances blent;
Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment
For skies Italian, and an inward groan
To sit upon an Alp, as on a throne,
And half forget what world or worldling meant.
Happy is England! sweet her artless daughters!
Enough their simple loveliness for me,
Enough their whitest arms in silence clinging;
Yet do I often warmly turn to see
Beauties of deeper glance, and hear their singing,
And float with them about the sunny waters,

KEATS.

I travelled among unknown men
In lands beyond the sea,
Nor England! did I know till then
How dear thou wert to me.

WORDSWORTH.

MAN'S KNOWLEDGE AND IGNORANCE.

MAN's actual knowledge may easily be measured. His ignorance is for him unfathomable. He is ignorant of the extent of his ignorance.

BLACKWOOD.

AN ATONEMENT.

WHEN a man has been guilty of any evil or folly, I think the best atonement he can make for it, is to warn others not to fall into the like.

Spectator.

WAR.

If this world were the final resting-place of man ; if it were intended to be the seat of unbroken happiness, and the human mind was so innocent and so deserving, as to be capable of enjoying unmixed felicity—such a marked and irretrievable tendency in human affairs might well be a subject of unmingled regret. But if the real condition of mankind be reflected on, and the necessity of suffering, to the purification of the human heart, taken into consideration, the observer will take a very different view :—

What is war but misfortune, anxiety, and distress—agony to nations ! Its great and lasting effects is to counteract the concentration of human interests upon self, to awaken the patriotic and generous affections, to rouse that general ardour which, spreading from breast to breast, obliterates for a time the selfishness of private interest, and leads to the general admission of great and heroic feelings. Peace exhibits the enchanting prospect of rich fields, flourishing cities, spacious harbours,

growing wealth, and undisturbed tranquillity ; but beneath that smiling surface are to be found the rankest and most dangerous passions of the human breast. There it is that pleasure spreads its lures, interest its attractions, and cupidity its selfishness. There are to be found the hard-hearted master and the reckless servant, the princely landlord and the destitute tenant, the profligate husband and the faithless wife.

ALISON.

KING ALFRED'S POLICY.

ALFRED did not make any alteration whatever in the laws and usages of his realms. He abstained from introducing novelties; he durst not venture to do so, and, as he himself tells us, he was afraid to innovate lest the new laws enacted by him might in their turn be rejected by posterity. Without doubt, Alfred must have seen that many of the portions of the Anglo-Saxon laws were defective; but he judged—and we have his own words before us, grounded upon such judgment—that it was better to permit the continuance of a defective law, than to destroy the foundation upon which all laws depend—respect for established authority, which sudden changes, even for the better, are apt to undermine.

PALGRAVE.

IMAGINATION.

THE beings of the mind are not of clay ;
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray
And more beloved existence, that which fate
Prohibits to dull life ——

Yet there are things whose strong reality
Outshines our fancy land in shape and hues
More beautiful than our fantastic sky,
And the strange constellations which the muse
O'er her wild universe is skilful to diffuse.

I saw or dreamed of such—but let them go,
They came like truths, and disappeared like
dreams ;
And whatsoe'er they were, are now but so :
I could replace them if I would—still teems
My mind with many a form which aptly seems
Such as I sought for, and at moments found :
Let these too go, for waking reason deems
Such overweening phantasies unsound
And other voices speak and other sights surround.

BYRON.

SLAVERY.

"You must not take that fellow (Legree) to be any specimen of southern planters," said he.

"I should hope not," said the young gentleman, with emphasis.

"He is a mean, low, brutal fellow," said the other.

"And yet your laws allow him to hold any number of human beings subject to his absolute will, without even a shadow of protection; and low as he is, you cannot say there are not many such."

"Well," said the other, "there are also many considerate and humane men among planters."

"Granted," said the young man; "but, in my opinion, it is your considerate, humane men that are responsible for all the brutality and outrage wrought by these wretches, because, if it were not for your sanction and influence, the whole system could not keep foothold for an hour. If there were no planters except such as that one," said he, pointing with his finger to Legree, who stood with his back to them, "the whole thing would go down like a millstone. It is your respectability and humanity licenses and protects his brutality.

H. B. STOWE.

——— Strive no more,
Faint Spirit, strive no more ! for thee too strong
Are outward ill and wrong,
And inward wasting fires ! Thou canst not soar
Free on a starry way,
Beyond their blighting sway,
At Heaven's high gate serenely to adore !
How should'st thou hope earth's fetters to unbind ?
O passionate, yet weak ! O trembler to the wind !

——— Thy gift of love shall cling,
A coiling sadness, round thy heart and brain ;
A silent, fruitless, yet undying thing,
All sensitive to pain !
And still the shadows of vain dreams shall fall
O'er thy mind's world a daily darkening pall,
Fold then thy wounded wing, and sink subdued,
In cold and unrepining quietude !

HEMANS.

INCREDULITY.

OF all the weaknesses which little men rail against, there is none that they are more apt to ridicule than the tendency to believe. And of all the signs of a corrupt heart and a feeble head, the tendency of incredulity is the surest.

LYTTON.

RIVERS.

AN ingenious Spaniard says, that "rivers and the inhabitants of every watery element were made for wise men to contemplate, and fools to pass by without consideration."

ISAAC WALTON.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

PRUNE thou thy words, thy thoughts control,
That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favour bears
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers
Which bloom their hour and fade.

Lyra Apostolica.

A MOTHER.

IN the days of his assumption she admonished him; in the time of his pride she rebuked him; in the career of his folly she laughed at him : but neglected and despised as she had been by him, when he comes to her in the day of defeat, and in the hour of distress, she clasps him to the bosom which first nurtured him; sacrifices her own comforts to his necessities, and with all her little imperfections on her head, proves herself the sweetest and tenderest of all God's noble works—a *Mother*.

HOOK.

NOBLE-MINDEDNESS.

THE arms with which the ill dispositions of the world are to be combated, and the qualities by which it is to be reconciled to us, and we reconciled to it, are moderation, gentleness, a little indulgence to others, and a great deal of distrust to ourselves; which are not qualities of a mean spirit as some may possibly think them, but virtues of a great and noble kind, and such as dignify our nature as much as they contribute to our repose and fortune; for nothing can be so unworthy a well-composed soul as to pass away life in bickerings and litigations, in snarling and scuffling with every one about us.

Croly's Life of Burke.

WHAT THE WORLD HATES AND LOVES.

THE world generally does hate what is good and humble, and above all things, it hates justice in the ordinary appreciation of men and things. It loves exaggerations, it loves caricatures, it loves what is extravagantly imagined and extravagantly said. It loves bold assertion, and delights in scorn : all these are opposite to justice.

Show, glare, noise, titles, artificial distinction, riches, remarkableness—these things it likes, heedless of the oppressions, the neglects, the insults, or the long, long miserable struggle of life, which though separated from these vanities are yet connected with them. There is not one of the rich and proud mansions of this great metropolis but which, at this season especially, are the scenes of such luxurious profusion and reckless waste,—there is not one of them which has not within half a mile of it the abodes of sorrow and suffering—of sorrow which sympathy might alleviate, if not dispel—of suffering, which some help from the abundance of the rich might turn into contentment, or into that joy which springs up in a

grateful heart. Experience as well as the Bible couples thanksgiving with gladness.

It is not that the magnificence of life should be done away with—for this too has it uses, and its elevating tendencies when rightly contemplated and participated in with thoughtfulness and feeling—but they who pass through it should not be absorbed by it. They should check as far as possible all the evil things so apt to be connected with it; and they should remember that it is but one phase of Life, and one which it is infinitely perilous to gaze upon too long, or to care too much about.

Morning Post.

LOCAL ATTACHMENTS.

THERE are few who can withstand the influence of local attachments ; our country, our dwelling, and, above all, the place of our birth, are frequently clung to with an ardour, which though we cannot coolly justify its reasonableness, we find it no less difficult to subdue. We almost act as if we fancied that the inanimate objects from which we part so mournfully were for a while endowed with consciousness, and could participate in our regrets. They recall to our minds past scenes and former friends, and we view them as relics that are hallowed to our feelings by the associations which they convey. Many an object intrinsically trifling acquires a value beyond estimation by circumstances of this nature. Wide indeed is the range of cherished recollection that clings around an ancient dwelling, and cruel is the blow that violates such a sanctuary.

LISTER.

MINOR POETS.

YET grieve not thou, to whom the indulgent
Muse
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire ;
Nor blame the partial Fates if they refuse
Th' imperial banquet, and the rich attire :
Know thy own worth, and reverence the lyre.
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refin'd ?
No ; let thy Heaven-taught soul to Heaven aspire,
To fancy, freedom, harmony resigned ;
Ambition's grovelling crew for ever left behind.

BEATTIE.

UNTHANKFULNESS FOR COMMON MERCIES.

LET a rainy season set in about the time of harvest, and we are all alarmed, and anxious and ready to pray for fine weather; but if God give us a good harvest time, are we not apt to take it as a matter of course; and, in fact, because He so often is gracious to us in this matter, for that very reason neglect to acknowledge his mercy at all?

Such of us as rise morning by morning from refreshing sleep, in perfect health and vigour, do we rightly value the blessing? Do we gratefully acknowledge that we have laid ourselves down, and risen up again, *because* the Lord hath sustained us?

Tracts for the Christian Seasons.

POLITICAL REFORM.

WHEREVER a nation, far advanced in civilization, and having, of consequence, a society of numerous gradations, remodels its political government, on any other principle than that of conformity to the actual constitution of the society to be governed; when it makes classes dominant in the political, which are servient in the social system — the consequences invariably have been, weakness in the government, discord and intolerance among the people. Society has laws of its own, the result of man's nature and position; and therefore referable only to the will of the Creator: it is not ruled by statutes, nor is its structure a human contrivance, although by legislation the structure may be materially influenced. It is governed in its decisions by public opinion, or the award of that portion of the community which, by a sort of universal suffrage, is invested with the power of pronouncing the national sentiment; and this class is that which, by birth, wealth, and education, and high moral standards, possesses primary consideration in the state.

Quarterly Review.

MOONLIGHT.

A VERY quiet night. When the moon shines brilliantly, a solitude and stillness seem to proceed from her, that influence even crowded places full of life. Not only is it a still night on dusty high-roads, and on hillsummits, whence a wide expanse of country may be seen in repose, quieter and quieter as it spreads away into a fringe of trees against the sky, with the grey ghost of a gloom upon them; not only is it a still night in gardens, and in woods, and on the river, where the water meadows are fresh and green, and the stream sparkles on among pleasant islands, murmuring weirs, and whispering rushes; not only does the stillness attend it as it flows where houses cluster thick, where many bridges are reflected in it, where wharves and shipping make it black and awful; where it winds from these disfigurements through marshes whose grim beacons stand like skeletons washed ashore, where it expands through the bolder region of rising grounds, rich in cornfield, windmill, and steeple, and where it mingles with the ever-heaving sea; not only is it a still night on the deep, and on the shore where the watcher

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stands to see the ship with her spread wings cross the path of light that appears to be presented to only him ; but even in this stranger's wilderness of London, there is some rest. Its steeples and towers, and its one great dome, grow more ethereal ; its smoky housetops lose their grossness in the pale effulgence ; the noises that arise from the streets are fewer, and are softened ; and the footsteps on the pavement pass more tranquilly away. In these fields of Mr. Tulkinghorn's inhabiting, where the shepherds play on Chancery pipes that have no stop, and keep their sheep in the fold by hook and by crook, until they have shorn them exceeding close—every noise is merged this moonlight night into a distant ringing hum, as if the City were a vast glass vibrating.

DICKENS.

A CHURCH OF ENGLAND SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THE Church of England Sunday School in Burnet Street, Manchester, is worth travelling from Constantinople and back again in the dead of the winter merely to see for a few hours. Imagine a large building—an immense building of five stories high, well lighted, well warmed, clean, healthy, and ventilated, filled on a Sunday with six separate schools of 500 each, all trained up in the doctrines and discipline of our blessed and glorious Church of England. Imagine 500 of these children (bless their pretty tongues !) all singing at the tiptop of their voices the delicious hymn of Heber, the mere perusal of which causes the heart to gladden and revive.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strands,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sands ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

And then imagine six of these schools all forming part of one great school of 3,000 children, all singing one after another this appeal to British benevolence and to British piety ! I know of nothing in the wide world so lovely as children, and nothing so harmonious as children's voices ; and I would rather have a game of play with a child, than talk of politics or literature, science or poetry, with the wisest man on earth ; and would rather listen to the music of these 3,000 children singing on a Sunday the praises of their God, than to any music or melody out of Heaven.

BLACKWOOD.

. IMPATIENCE A TOKEN OF DISBELIEF.

DEPEND upon it, a secret and scarce acknowledged disbelief, or at least, doubt and distrust of the very existence of God and of his government of the world—*His real presence and interference* with the men and the things of the world—lies at the bottom of almost all impatience and despair under adverse circumstances. How can he be impatient or despairing who believes, not only the existence of God and his moral government of the world, but that he has mercifully vouchsafed to reveal and declare expressly that the infliction of sorrow and suffering is directly from Himself, and designed solely for the advantage of his creatures.

WARREN.

CHURCH CATECHISM.

IF ever a convocation should think fit to revise the Catechism of the Church, to whose authority and judgment an affair of that nature ought to be entirely submitted, it is probable they may find it necessary to add some questions concerning those who may have the power of administering sacraments, and how they receive such an authority, and what duties are owing by God's word to our spiritual guides. Because such sort of instructions early instilled into tender minds, might in the next generation retrieve that respect to the sacred order which we so scandalously want in this, and they would have this further advantage, that they would be a means of keeping men steadfast to the communion of the Church, and so preserving them from falling into schisms, even in a state of persecution; from the possibility of which no human establishment can secure the Church of God, while she is militant here upon earth. And till this can be effected it is to be wished the reverend clergy would more frequently instruct the people in such duties; the want of which necessary knowledge makes the principles of Church communion so little understood, that men are tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the slight of men, and cunning craftiness whereby they lie in wait to deceive.

NELSON.

GERMAN THEOLOGY.

THERE is in these Germans a strange mixture of profound knowledge and childish ignorance.

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“The fallacy which is still so general, that tribes of a common stock must have sprung genealogically by ever-widening ramifications from a single root—this *fallacy* escaped detection among the ancients, perhaps because they admitted many races of men originally different. They who do not recognise such a plurality, but ascend to a single pair of ancestors, betray that they have no idea of languages and their modifications, unless they cling to the miracle of a confusion of tongues; a miracle which may suffice *with respect to such races as present no striking physical difference*.”

“These sentences,” I said “appeared to me equally erroneous, as they regarded the philosophy of speech and the physical history of man, but at any rate they went directly in the teeth of Scripture.” “Of Scripture!—not at all. You are thinking of the creation of Adam. But Adam means merely *man*, or *human nature*. God created *Adam*, that is, he created *human nature*. Observe,

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that in Scripture—since you will appeal to it—this is the true signification of the word Adam. Thus, to put off the *old Adam*, is to put off the *old man*, the old *human nature*.” “What! then, Mr. Professor; was it *human nature* that fell into a deep sleep, and had the rib taken from its side? Was it *human nature that lived one hundred and thirty years, and begat a son in his own likeness, and called his name Seth?* Or even when we read—as in *Adam* we all die, so in Christ are all made alive, is not *Christ* an individual,—a person?—and can the antithesis be complete unless *Adam* be an individual likewise?”

BLACKWOOD.

NATIONAL ERRORS.

IN the vast continent of New South Wales matters are even worse. We have neglected our brethren at home, and permitted them to be virtually worse than heathens, even in the centre of light and civilization; and when their crimes have made us glad to be rid of them, we have cast them forth to our penal colonies, a pestering mass of moral corruption, with scarcely an effort to reclaim or amend them. In the wide empire of India, brought so wondrously under our dominion, and where our possessions are almost daily extending, very little has been done even to preserve the Christianity of our own people, whose bad lives are confessed to be the most formidable obstacle to the conversion of the heathen.

SCURRILE JESTING.

HE is not to me a good companion : for most of his conceits were either Scripture jests, or lascivious jests ; for which I count no man witty : for the devil will help a man, that way inclined, to the first ; and his own corrupt nature, which he always carries with him, to the latter. But a companion that feasts the company with wit and mirth, and leaves out the sin which is usually mixed with them—he is the man ; and indeed such a man should have his charges borne.

And, let me tell you, good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue. But, for such discourse as we heard last night, it infects others ; the very boys will learn to talk and swear, as they heard mine host and others of the company that shall be nameless. I am sorry the other is a gentleman,—for less religion will not save their soul than a beggar's : I think more will be required at the last day.

IZAACK WALTON.

FASHIONABLE CONGREGATIONS.

WHAT an elegant and fashionable air the congregation wore! Surely there must be something in religion when people such as were around him came so punctually to church, and behaved so seriously! The members of that congregation were, indeed, exemplary in the strict discharge of their public religious duties! Scarce one of them was there that had not been at the opera till half-past twelve overnight; the dulcet notes of the singer still thrilling in their ears, the graceful attitudes of the dancers still present to their eyes. Every previous night of the week they had been engaged in the brilliant ball room, and whirled in the mazes of the voluptuous waltz, or glittering in the picturesque splendour of fancy dress, till three, four, or five o'clock in the morning: yet here they were . . . prepared to follow their pastor "with a pure heart and humble voice unto the throne of the heavenly grace," to acknowledge with lively emotion that "they had followed too much the devices and desires of their own

hearts ;" praying for " mercy upon them, *miserable* sinners ;" that God would " restore them, being *penitent*," so that " they might, thereafter, lead a godly, righteous, and sober life." Here they were, punctual to their time, decorous in manners, devout in spirit, earnest and sincere in repentance and good resolutions—knowing, the while, how would be spent the remainder of the season of their lives.

WARREN.

WELLINGTON.

SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY when employed in the Sussex district after his return from India, was asked by a familiar friend, how he who had commanded armies of forty thousand men, who had received the thanks of Parliament for his victories, and been elected Knight of the Bath, could submit to be reduced to the command of a brigade of infantry. "For this reason," was the reply, "I am *nimuk wallah*, as we say in the East; I have eat of the King's salt, and therefore I consider it to be my duty to serve with zeal and promptitude, when or wherever the King or his Government may think proper to employ me."

WELLINGTON AT WATERLOO.

NEVER was a falser statement than that which ascribes the victory to Chance. The success attendant on the battle of Waterloo can be referred *only* to the admirable system of resistance in the general, and an enduring valour, rarely equalled, and never surpassed, in the soldiers whom he commanded. Chance, at Waterloo, had no effect upon results. Wellington's surest game was to act entirely on the defensive; his arrangements with Blucher for mutual support were thoroughly matured—and before night, the Prussians must, he knew, reach the field.

Wellington, in accepting battle under a well-founded belief that he should be supported in *four* hours—and when, single-handed, he maintained the combat, and resolutely held his ground during a space of *eight*—left nothing dependent upon accident, but providing for the worst contingencies, formed his calculations with admirable skill.

ENGLAND'S CONSTITUTIONAL
POLICY.

A SPIRIT of innovation is generally the result of a selfish temper and confined views. People will not look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors. Besides, the people of England well know that the idea of inheritance furnishes a sure principle of conservation, and a sure principle of transmission, without at all excluding a principle of improvement. It leaves acquisition free, but secures what it acquires. Whatever advantages are obtained by a state proceeding on these maxims, are locked fast in a sort of family settlement, grasped as in a sort of mortmain for ever. By a constitutional policy, working after the pattern of nature, we receive, we hold, we transmit our government and our privileges in the same manner in which we enjoy and transmit our property and our lives. The institutions of policy, the goods of fortune, the gifts of Providence, are handed down to us, and from us, in the same course and order. Our political system is placed in a just correspondence and symmetry with the order of the world, and with the mode of existence decreed to a permanent body composed of transitory parts; wherein, by the disposition of a

stupendous wisdom, moulding together the great mysterious corporation of the human race, the whole at one time is never old, or middle-aged, or young, but, in a condition of unchangeable constancy, moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression. Thus, by preserving the method of nature in the conduct of the state, in what we improve we are never wholly new; in what we retain we are never wholly obsolete. By adhering in this manner, and on these principles, to our forefathers, we are guided, not by the superstition of antiquarians, but by the spirit of philosophic analogy. In this choice of inheritance, we have given to our frame of polity the image of a relation in blood, binding up the constitution of our country with our dearest domestic ties, adopting our fundamental laws into the bosom of our family affections, keeping inseparable, and cherishing with the warmth of all their combined and mutually reflected charities, our state, our hearths, our sepulchres, and our altars. Through the same plan of a conformity to nature in our artificial institutions, and by calling in the aid of her unerring and powerful instincts, to fortify the fallible and feeble contrivances of our reason, we have derived several other, and those no small benefits. From considering our liberties in the light of an

inheritance, always acting as if in the presence of canonized fathers, the spirit of freedom leading in itself to misrule and excess, is tempered with an awful gravity. This idea of a liberal descent inspires us with a sense of habitual native dignity, which prevents that upstart insolence almost inevitably adhering to and disgracing those who are the first acquirers of any distinction. By this means our liberty becomes a noble freedom. It causes an imposing and majestic aspect, it has a pedigree, and illustrating ancestors; it has its ensigns, and its bearings armorial; it has its gallery of portraits, its monumental inscriptions, its records, evidences, and titles. We procure reverence to our civil institutions, on the principle upon which nature teaches us to revere individual men on account of their age, and on account of those from whom they are descended. All your sophisters cannot produce anything better adapted to preserve a rational and manly freedom, than the course that we have pursued, who have chosen our nature rather than our speculations, our breasts rather than our inventions, for the great conservatories and magazines of our rights and privileges.

BURKE.

THE EARL OF DERBY'S POLICY.

THE Earl of Derby, who intimated his purpose to check the advance of democracy, had taken a very singular method of carrying out his views. His actions formed a very strange sort of commentary on his words; for he came into power with a policy something more definite than that of merely resisting democracy. He had made no secret of that definite policy before he assumed the reins of power; but when in power, he abandoned that policy. He abandoned it, not because he had ceased to believe in its reasonableness, and its justice; not because new facts, new arguments, had arisen tending to make his previously avowed policy less rational or less desirable, but simply and entirely because he found it unpopular; because he found that on an appeal to the people, they would not send to the House of Commons a majority to support the policy which he deemed to be best. On that ground, and on that ground alone, he gave up the policy which every earnest-minded man in the kingdom had hoped he would be faithful to—whether in sunshine or in storm. *This was indeed a strange way to check the advancing foot of democracy!* Alas! the policy was both democratic and immoral.

REFLECTIONS ON AN ALBANIAN
VILLAGE.

THE serene face of heaven looks down on few more pleasant things on this fair earth, than a quiet Albanian village, embosomed in the heart of a deep olive-grove, like a bird in its nest; the humble home of simple-minded, happy beings. It is now so difficult to find repose and peace in connection with human beings; deserts there are clothed in voiceless majesty, because their solitude is filled with the presence of the Creator; and wild terrific spots where Nature wraps herself in tempests, and wreaths the clouds and mists around the inaccessible hills, that no profane eye of man may feast upon their savage beauty.—

But it is daily becoming more rare to find rest and quiet among the haunts of men.—

The world is growing old, and men are wise and crafty now in their very youth. This at least have they learned from the experience left them by the swift rushing ages—that their time is short upon this visible abode; and they would fain live much within their little span,

and know all things, and penetrate the hidden recesses of the earth, dragging up to the light the secret things of science, and spreading their knowledge and their learning far and near. Soon there will be few spots upon this earth where civilization, too often but another word for corruption, has not penetrated; but the Albanian village is still a tranquil resting-place upon this busy globe, whose humble inhabitants, if they live and die in darkness and ignorance, *have at least no false lights to mislead them.*

ENGLAND.

WHAT a career has this country run ! We look now over this ocean, and know, that went we to the end of the Earth, east or west, there we should find mighty nations resting under the shadow of our power, and prepared, by the infusion of our spirits, arts, and religion, to unfold to future ages scenes of prosperity and happiness, at present but dimly realized. A succession of poets, philosophers, statesmen, and heroes, have arisen in this island, which may not be excelled by any other nation. And what has borne them on to this pitch of greatness ? *The Spirit of Poetry*, which was diffused through their hearts from generation to generation, descending in a continuous stream from those simple but mighty minstrels who made the halls of kings and barons resound with the praises of such men as Arthur !

HOWITT.

A REFLECTION ON SHAVING.

WHEN I was a round-faced, red-faced, smooth-faced boy, I used to smile if people said they thought me like my father, or my mother, or my uncle. I now discern the resemblance to each and all of them myself, as age brings out the primary and natural character of the countenance, and wears away all that accidental circumstances had superinduced upon it. The recognitions, the glimpses which at such times I get of the departed, carry my thoughts into the past;—and bitter—bitter indeed would those thoughts be, if my anticipations—(wishes I might almost call them, were it lawful as wishes to indulge them)—did not also lead me into the future, when I shall be gathered to my fathers in spirit, though these mortal exuvise should not be laid to moulder with them under the same turf.

The Doctor.

'Tis time this heart should be unmov'd
Since others it has ceased to move;
Yet, tho' I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze,—
A funeral pile!

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not thus—and 'tis not here
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor
now—
When glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece around me see !
The Spartan borne upon his shield
Was not more free.

Awake ! (not Greece, she is awake !)
Awake, my Spirit ! Think through whom
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home !

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood ! unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regret'st thy youth, why live ?
The land of honourable death
Is here ;—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath !

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best ;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

BYRON.

FALSE SYMPATHY.

MERE expressions of kindness from professed friends who have it in their power to afford other real assistance, whilst they abstain from holding out a helping hand, excite legitimate scorn and contempt. Of their conduct, it is sometimes sarcastically said, that they have done all that could be reasonably expected from them, in expressing their good-will in the manner they do—that here every one must look out for himself—and that it is no part of their business to go about the world helping those who cannot help themselves. The thick incrustation of selfishness in which such professed friends lie imbedded, usually serve as a protection against their feeling the keen irony of these remarks; and to a bystander who puts aside the morality of the matter, it is quite amusing to observe how such men are so blind as actually to take the most withering sarcasm as compliments, and to find a justification of their actions in maxims, the practical acceptance of which affords

at once the most convincing proofs of their own heartlessness. The cost of the sacrifice which one man makes for the sake of another—the self-denial he practises in order to assist him—this is the only test that can be accepted of the *sincerity* of expressions of good-will and sympathy, which without it are worthless and hypocritical.

Morning Post.

MINDING OUR OWN AFFAIRS.

The day is short; and he who puts down his spade, and goes into his neighbour's field to see how he is getting on, gets on ill himself. The day is short, there is no time to be looking about us, no time to be watching our neighbours. What they are about is their concern, not ours—EXCEPT SO FAR AS WE CAN DO THEM GOOD.

Tracts for the Christian Seasons.

WILL AND DESIRE.

THE will, properly and strictly taken (as it is of things which are referred unto the end that man desireth), differeth greatly from that inferior natural desire which we call appetite. The object of appetite is whatsoever sensible good may be wished for. The object of will is that good which reason doth lead us to seek.

HOOKEE.

SUBLIMITY OF LAW.

OF Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is in the bosom of God; her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage—the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest is not exempted from her power: both angels, and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent admiring her as the author of her peace and joy.

HOOVER.

CHARACTER OF THE TIMES.

IN place of a rightly ordered heart, we only strive to exhibit a full purse; and all pushing, rushing, and elbowing on towards a false aim.

On every side, instead of Faith, Hope, and Charity, we have neediness, greediness, and vain-glory.

CARLYLE.

WHEN the labour and urgency of life are directed to mere worldly ends, the relaxations and ornaments will naturally also be governed by a taste for the showy and luxurious—for that which produces the utmost display with the least value.

BLACKWOOD.

THE WORLD AND THE CHURCH.

THE history of the world impresses the *reflecting* mind with the universal tendency of human institutions to decay and dissolution. Whether we contemplate the fate of man himself, or of illustrious empires raised by virtue, cemented by wisdom, but destroyed by luxury and sin, we trace in all, the operation of that sentence of death, which once passed on all men, and to which all that is merely human must bow. But in the history of the Church, we view, not only the working of the law of death, but the counteracting tendency of the Spirit of life, sustaining man amidst his infirmities, elevating him above all that is carnal and terrestrial, and impressing on his actions and his destinies the stamp of eternity. Empires, superstitions, and philosophies have faded away, but true religion continues always to exist; and as it came in the beginning from above, so at the end of all things, it shall return thither again.

PALMER.

THE END.



